Poetic Voice Magazine

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Poetic Voice Magazine: Volume Eighteen

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Featured Poem: On Fruition by Sir Charles Sedley

None but a Muse in love, can tell
The sweet tumultuous joys I feel,
When on Celia's breast I lie.
When I tremble, faint, and die;
Mingling kisses with embraces,
Darting tongues, and joining faces,
Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,
All in the ecstasy of doing.

Poetic Voice Magazine Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this Eighteenth volume of ***Poetic Voice Magazine*** which serves to feature the work of aspiring poets.

Poetic Voice Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your poetry to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Poetic Commentary

Commentary: There was a young lady named Bright

There was a young lady named Bright
And could travel much faster than light,
    She set out one day
    In a Relative way
And returned the previous night.

This is a famous limerick that can be found in a tiny book by Martin Gardner, a mathematician and science writer from the 1960's. The book this limerick is found in is about Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity.

Limericks are a special form of poetry and can be found in many different corners of the English language, particularly in the United Kingdom. In the past century they have also stated to find popularity in the United States and some magazines even encourage limerick writing, such as the Saturday Evening Post, which hosts a limerick contest.

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The structure of a limerick is simple. The limerick about 'the young lady named Bright' is a fine template for any of you who wish to try writing poetry of this form.

Here's a prompt … 'There was a young man named Dim …'. Good luck!

Pictorial: Behind Every Man …

Commentary: On Viewing Klimt's Danae for the First Time

A poem by Patrick Bruskiewich

It was hard-on the first view
not to imagine a story behind
the painting. It was in Klimt's
studio that they first met –
a pfenning muse amongst the
amusing naked models – tall
ones, short ones, chubby ones,
some bossoms more bountiful
than others, thin ones too, some
too young to admit, no hags
or rags here, just beautiful women
waiting to be immortalized. There
were blondes, brunettes and red
heads – Gustav loved red
heads – her name was Molly
and she was a dish. It was not
just the hair on her head
he adored, but the fiery red
in that other private place that
fixated his amorous loins
and drove his art, much more
than his heart. He sketched her,

then mollified her in a painting
of divine rape – if there was
such a thing. For longer was
Gustav a mere artist but a God,
And she not a mere moll but a diva.
Between her loins he set the molasses
Of him, for it could not be golden
Given his sickly state – Vienna
Had been too kind to him!
But no matter, she felt mollitious,
having dashed from one state of
bliss to another across Europa.
She was, after all, a plain and simple
woman – but Gustav painted her
with mollescent divinity, he her
Jupiter and she soon to give
life to their Perseid, a star
that fell from heaven, a
daughter. His love towards
her was mollitious, for he was
after all a mollusk. While
she was with child Jupiter
was off with Venus, in some other
sacred place. But Danae was
used to being mollycoddle and so
coddle her he did, her and their

mollymawk, red hair as well.

As I stood before this painting
It was hard-on viewing Klimt's Danae
For the first time – not to fall
Completely and utterly in love,
And wonder what became of them both …

*****

This poem was written a decade ago.

It is evidently about art and about imagery. The *Belle Epoque* Viennese artist Gustav Klimt is well known in both art circles and in popular culture. His most famous painting is his icon painting titled *The Kiss*.

Not as well-known is Klimt's painting Danae, which draws from a classical story of a virgin raped by a God. Danae then begets child. His painting of Danae is somewhat autobiographical for Gustav had a fondness for women, and had a passion for fiery red haired women.

Gustav fathered a dozen children, all out of wedlock. He never married. Only a handful of his children were acknowledged by him.

He had a sexually transmitted disease which he carried and passed on to the women he bedded. He was treated for this condition by one of the most

prestigious doctors in Vienna. The treatment involved imbibing a halide of mercury which had an effect on his mental state and his personality. With the passage of time Gustav Klimt became more withdrawn and isolated.

His isolating was also a result of the scandal of him seducing his young models, some of whom were barely in their twenties. In England at the time they would be called '*Mollies*.'

Klimt kept a day bed in his studio, ostensibly so he could sketch Odalisques, but it was large enough for two, and served another more 'mollescent' purpose. Gustav wore a loose fitting gown and nothing underneath.

Both his fame and his personality made it impossible for his 'Mollies' to escape his charm. But then again … they knew exactly what they were getting into when they visited his private and isolated studio.

They would strip nude, then Gustav would sketch them from every intimate angle, then ply them with compliments, then kiss them and well …

you can read between the lines of the poem can you not?

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

New Poems

Yuki … Yuki … Yuki … by Aki Kurosawa

Yesterday it snowed …
Today it snowed too …
Tomorrow it will snow again!

*Yuki … Yuki … Yuki …**

This should not be
a surprise, for it is
winter here in Japan.

Yuki … Yuki … Yuki …

It is supposed to be
cold and snowy, right …
up to our knees sometimes

Yuki … Yuki … Yuki …

Then here in bustling Tokyo,
It will decide to warm, and
winter knows it is time to go.

* Yuki is Japanese for snow

We are Counting Down the Days by William Webster

Oh my, are people flying around …
here in the Big Apple. It is cold
and so are New Yorkers. It is a big rout …
every day more bad news abounds.

North from DC the bad news creeps.
He wants to *Make America ~~Great~~ Goofy Again* …
all he seems to do is make people weep,
with anguish and wish it was back then …

We New Yorkers have warm hearts,
that are rich beyond words, his way …
he was never one of us … he lived apart.
He was a speculator and we were his play.

We are counting down the days …
we New Yorkers truly are.
When things can go back
to the way they once were …

Pictorial: Come Join Me … and Keep Me Company

That was After All, Her World by Patrick Bruskiewich

Tenderly, I unwrapped her as I would
a box of expensive dark
chocolate. If she wanted she could
have stopped me, and pushed us apart.

But she wanted the delight of it,
the joy of pure lust between her and I,
of being completely unashamed, nothing hid
from view. I kissed her here and there … she sighed.

No words were said, yet we understood
Through our soft touch, what brings her pleasures,
Without asking, she spread her legs wide and good,
to lay bare her splendour … her hidden treasures.

Her hair was fiery red … down there
Just like the long curly hair on her head
There she now lay for me, completely bare
Reclined … immodest on her warm, soft bed

I press forward, tickling her pink, softness … touched
with my lips and my tongue the hot flesh
that made her a girl … In a moment she gushed
all over my chin, and exclaimed that was the best …

Sex she had ever had with a boy …
I smiled knowing she really loved girls
quite often. That I was her first boy … at her tender age, a toy
is a toy, is a toy. That was after all, her world!

What is Pink by Mary O'Neil

Pink is the color of a rose.
They come in other colors
but everyone knows
pink is the mother-color of a rose.
Pink is a new baby,
the inside of a shell …
Pink is a cooked shrimp
and a Canterbury bell.
Pink is peachbloom,
gauzy… frail
the wind's exquisite wedding veil.
Pink is a bonbon,
pink is a blush,
some Easter bunnies
are pink plush.
If you stand in an orchard
In the middle of Spring
and you don't make a sound
you can hear pink sing,
a darling, whispery song of a thing.
Pink is the beautiful little sister
of red my teacher said,
and a ribbon girls tie
round their head.
Pink is the sash

with the lovely fold
you'll remember
when you're old.
Pink is the flower on a lady's hat
that nods and bows this way and that.

Pictorial: Something Classical

20th Century Poems

Sculptor by Sylvia Plath

{*For Leonard Baskin*}

To his house the bodiless
Come to barter endlessly
Vision, wisdom, for bodies
Palpable as his, and weighty.

Hands moving move priestlier
Than priest's hands, invoke no vain
Images of light and air
But sure stations in bronze, wood, stone.

Obdurate, in dense-grained wood,
A bald angel blocks and shapes
The flimsy light; arms folded
Watches his cumbrous world eclipse

Inane worlds of wind and cloud.
Bronze dead dominate the floor,
Resistive, ruddy-bodied,
Dwarfing us. Our bodies flicker

Toward extinction in those eyes
Which, without him, were beggared

Of place, time, and their bodies.
Emulous spirits make discord,

Try entry, enter nightmares
Until his chisel bequeaths
Them life livelier than ours,
A solider repose than death's.

Pictorial: A Man Under Tension …

To Lesbia by Andreas Francisus Landesiou

When beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul (She who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss,
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss;
Through all my frame the madding transport glows, Through every vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heaven's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vines;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
To inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
Why thus d' ye wound my lips in amorous play?
With kisses, smiles, and every wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
Let us, my love, on yon soft couch reclined,
Each other's arms around each other twined,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire,
And panting, struggling, both at once expire!
For oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,

Surrealist and Dada Poetry

Quatres Poems par Paul Géraldy

Dualisme

Chérie, explique-moi pourquoi
tu dis: "mon piano, mes roses,"
et: "tes livres, ton chien" … pourquoi
je t'entends déclarer parfois:
"c'est avec mon argent à moi
que je veux acheter ces choses."
Ce qui m'appartient t'appartient!
Pourquoi ces mots qui nous opposent,
le tien, le mien, le mien, le tien?
Si tu m'aimais tout a fait bien,
tu dirais: "les livres, le chien"
et: "nos roses."

Meditation

On aime d'abord par hasard,
par jeu, par curiosité,
pour avoir, dans un regard,
lu des possibilités.
Et puis comme au fond soi-même

on s’aime beaucoup,
si quelqu’un vous aime,
on l’aime par conformité de gôut.
Pour l’amour d’aimer on s’invite
à partager ses moindres maux.
On prend l’habitude, très vite,
d’echanger de petits mots.
Quand on a longtemps dit les mêmes,
on les redit sans y penser …
Et alors, mon Dieu,
Ton aime parce qu’on a commencé.

Doute

Tu m’as dit: “Je pense a toi
tout le jour.”
Mais tu penses moins a moi
qua l’amour.

Tu m’as dit: “Mes yeux mouilles
qui ne peuvent t’oublier
restent longtemps eveilles
lorsque je me couche.”
Mais ton cceur est moins grise
qu’amuse.

Tu penses plus au baiser
qua la bouche.
Tu ne te tourmentes point.
Tu sais sans chercher plus loin,
que nos joies sont bien les notres …
Mais l'amour etre un besoin,
M'aimerais-tu beaucoup mois
Si j'etais un autre?

Finale

Alors, adieu. Tu n'oublies rien? …
C'est bien. Va-t'en.
Nous n'avons plus rien
a nous dire. Je te laisse.
Tu peux partir … Pourtant,
attends encore, attends . . .
II pleut … Attends que cela cesse.

Couvre-toi bien surtout!
Tu sais qu'il fait tres froid dehors.
C'est un manteau d'hiver
qu'il fallait mettre …
Je t'ai bien tout rendu?
Je n'ai plus rien a toi?

Tu as pris ton portrait?

tes lettres? …

Pictorial: Can you guess who this is?

In No Way So Grand by Patrick Bruskiewich

Nature can be described
in many ways,
but in no way so grand
as through the use of
mathematics.

And when we accept that
we may also eventually accept
that we are not more important
in the grand scheme of the universe
than a bird that flies overhead
or any other living creature
for that matter,
even an ant crawling at our feet.

If we accept this
then perhaps we can appreciate
what it means to think and
to have worthy ideas.

Canadian Poems

Two Poems by Archibald Lampman

The Truth

Friend … though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words.
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth.
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth.
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure.
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

Winter Evening

Tonight the very horses springing by
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam
Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die

A thousand aureoles. Down in the west
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest.
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
A mightier master; soon from height to height,
With silence and the sharp unpitying stars.
Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel.
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
Glittering and still shall come the awful night.

Pictorial: An Odalisque from 1925 …

Dawn by Fredrick George Scott

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught.
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Historical Poetry

When I See the Flowers Anew: A Twelfth Century French Song

When I see the flowers anew
Peeping where the meadows grew,
And I hear the fountain spring
Murmur on the gravelling,
Then young love holds me in thrall,
Which has never healing:
If relief come not at all
I must bide death's dealing.

"I am dark and fair to see,
Young in my virginity,
Rose my colour is and white,
Pretty mouth and green mine eyes;
And my breast it pricks me so
I may not endure it.
For I meddle me to know
Love, and naught can cure it.

"Certes, if I met a man
Who stood in the way I ran.
Freely would I love, for none
Should I ever leave that one.
Often have I heard relate
And for truth to tell,

No one has a joy parfaite
But comes of loving well."

Straight toward the wench I went
For to be with her acquent;
And I saw her white and fair,
And her look was debonaire,
Nor did she a whit forget
Any word I spake her,
Now without delay or let
For her love I prayed her.

Her bare hand I took, the maid
On the thick green grass I laid:
She cried out, to me she swore
Of my play she held no store:
"Take away your lechery;
May God truly shame it!
'Tis too rough and harsh for me,
I can never wame it."

"Sweet love, my pretty maid,
Wherefore now are you afraid?
For you do not know a mite
How this is a merry life.
Mother did not for it die,

That you know right truly,
Nor will you the daughter, why
Do you fear unduly?”

When I had swiped her maidenhood,
And upon her feet she stood,
All aloud to me she cried

“Well am I escaped your side:
Thirteen years since, I was born
As I rightly know;
Never had I other morn
That I loved so.”

Kubla Khan by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething.
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:

And ’mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach’d the caverns measureless to man.
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And ’mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play’d,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight ’twould win me,
That with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Pictorial: Do you like my flowers?

The Pilgrim by John Bunyan

Who w'ould true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here wall constant be,
Gome wind, come weather.
There’s no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Gan daunt his spirit:
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He’ll fear not what men say,
He’ll labour night and day

To be a Pilgrim.

The Clod and the Pebble by William Blake

‘Love seeketh not Itself to please,
Nor for Itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.’

So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle’s feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

‘Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to ts delight,
Joys in another’s loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven’s despite.’

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Pictorial: I'm Tired … its bedtime …

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